

UNITY

Leonard & M

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, AUGUST 13, 1887.

[NUMBER 24.]

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FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, AUGUST 13, 1887.

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EDITORIAL.

MORE of the sins of to-day, and perhaps we may say of all days, are traceable to an inordinate love of money than to anything else. Money! men lie for it, steal it, give their lives for it, cheat themselves out of all the best that life affords for this imaginary good—money. All our lives are poisoned at their very sources by this greatest and saddest of mistakes—living for money. Let us live for life, for love, for God, at least one day in seven.

It is reported on good authority that Rev. T. L. Eliot, of Portland, Oregon, will not accept the Western Secretaryship of the A. U. A. This is just as we feared, and yet who can blame him or charge him with lack of wisdom? His work on the Pacific coast is one that no one can do but he, and surely nothing that even he could do in the Mississippi valley is so important as for him to hold his grand position and finish his great work where he is. U.

Do we deserve this? James Eddy, writing from Bar Harbor, Maine, to the *Open Court*, asks:

Can't you put a little more of "religion" in the *Open Court*? Have you not found more signs of the existence of a God at the West, in and about Chicago, than you did in Boston? The western Unitarians have lost all sight of God, and don't care to name Him at all. If you can find no traces of God at the West you can find plenty of evidence of the existence of the devil in and about Chicago, represented by the anarchists and the ultra Henry George men.

We have no means of knowing whether Mr. Eddy is sincere or sarcastic in his expectation of more theology and religion in the *Open Court*, but it is unfair and all wrong to say what he does of western Unitarians.

PROHIBITION for Texas has failed. For several weeks the papers have been preparing our minds for a great surprise. Texas, that we always think of as inhabited chiefly by cowboys and Indians and Texas rangers, whatever they may be, was to come bodily and voluntarily into the sisterhood of the most civilized, to be one of the states where public sentiment is so disciplined and chastened that drunkenness can be prevented and all dealing in alcoholic drinks forbidden. But alas! just as we had so happily made up our minds to be surprised, the election goes the old way, and Texas is still Texas. But let us at least keep it in mind hereafter that life has much the same difficulties and problems in new and old states. If the drink question could be settled in Glasgow and Calcutta, it could be settled also in Texas and on the Congo.

THE strangest literary phenomenon of last month was, certainly, the appearance of a magazine article in defense of the Keely motor. This article purports to have been written by a woman, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, and appears in the July *Lippincott's Magazine*. We had supposed there was no one now living of sufficient education and intelligence to write a magazine article who was not satisfied that the Keely motor is, and has always been, a fraud. Many intelligent people were deceived at first, but as the years ran on and no results appeared, the conclusion was reached almost universally that the only use the motor would ever be put to would be drawing money from the pockets of the credulous for the support of the cunning impostor, Keely.

But now the matter takes on a new phase. A woman takes up the cause, not from the mechanical, but from the metaphysical side, and demonstrates, logically, that the motor is

right, and must succeed. The universe it seems is with the motor, all the laws of nature favor it. The very air about it is supercharged with "etheric force," and that it should not run and manifest great power would indeed be stranger than that it should. To judge Mrs. Bloomfield Moore by her language one would say she had but just graduated from some school of "Christian Science." If so, or at any rate, we can but wish she would investigate Keely's heart instead of his motor, and give him some kind of a treatment that would make an honest man of him.

THE shore of Lake Michigan in the vicinity of Chicago is strewn with dead grasshoppers, tens of thousands of them, enough to be offensive to the nostrils and spoil the pleasure of picnic parties resorting to the beach. Better this, from a human point of view, than that these Rocky mountain locusts should be alive to-day and feeding upon the vegetation left by the drouth in this region. But what light does a fact like this throw upon a theory of universal Providence? It used to be taught that the instinct of an animal or insect was infallible; it was a whisper from God by which the creature was guided, fed and preserved from danger. On that theory God must have been angry with these locusts that he had brought from the far away mountain regions; must have smitten them like the host of Pharaoh; must have led them to the lake on purpose to drown them. But why? For their sins? Is it not much more reasonable to suppose that the insects were looking out for themselves, that they tried to cross the lake without knowing its width, and that their mistake cost them their lives?

THE August *Forum* has an article upon "An Outside View of Revivals," by Dr. C. C. Everett, Dean of the Harvard Divinity School. The article is noteworthy for its exceedingly calm and judicial tone. At its close, quoting a recent remark of Doctor Pentecost to the effect that the preaching in the churches with which he (Doctor P.) is connected has become largely "pastoral" rather than "evangelistic," and that a division of labor seems desirable whereby the preaching of pastors shall be "pastoral," while evangelists shall devote themselves to the work of conversion, Doctor Everett acutely says: "The statement and the suggestion are both of great interest. If evangelistic preaching is dying out in the churches, it can only be because the special beliefs from which this preaching sprang are fading out. If this form of preaching is remanded to a different order of clergy, and thus is no more heard in the regular ministrations of the church, the evangelist will find fewer and fewer souls prepared to meet his coming. The aspect of the church will be changed, and the revival system, in the narrow and technical meaning of the word, with all its machinery, will have passed away. Revivals, let us hope, in the broader meaning of the term, will still remain; the poor and the unchurched will still have the gospel preached to them; but if the doctrines that gave to the violent measures of the revivalist their justification shall have lost their power, all this will be accomplished by less questionable means."

EDWARD EGGLESTON'S "Books That Have Helped Me" in the *Forum* for August is a charmingly frank, fresh and suggestive paper. He sets little value upon the "intellectual pharisaism" of choosing "a best hundred books for other folks to study," because "the helpfulness of a book is largely relative," and "not only is it quite possible that the books which

have helped one may not be of assistance to another, but it is certain that books helpful at one period of life are quite useless at another." None of us can look back over the course of his mental growth without feeling the truth of this. Books of little permanent value and of no wide reputation have often been fruitful seeds in one's mental soil, by reason of the peculiar conditions of his mind at the time. Doctor Eggleston acknowledges his indebtedness to a little volume lent him by the minister's wife, who "kept a little collection of books to lend about the village with missionary intent,"—a suggestive tribute to the value of humble private beneficences that have not yet grown into "institutions." The book was "Robert Dawson, or the Brave Spirit." "In many a season of difficulty afterward, when ever-recurring sickness seemed destined to defeat all my boyish ambitions, I have been heartened by remembering Robert Dawson facing a rain-storm with the words: 'Only a few drops at a time.'"

If there is any other body of believers who have to reply so often as Unitarians to the question "What do you believe, anyhow?" it is the new churchmen or Swedenborgians. The following brief statement of their faith we clip from the *New Church Messenger*:

The Lord Jesus Christ is the only God of the heavens and the earth. In Him is a divine Trinity of Love, Wisdom and Power, called in the Scripture the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and represented in man, who was created in His image and likeness, by the soul, the body, and the operation thence. He came to man by assuming his human nature, through which He overcame the ascendancy of hell with him, and thus redeemed him.

By shunning evils as sins, in the acknowledgment of the Lord, man may accept this redemption and be regenerated.

The Sacred Scripture is the Word of God, containing within and above its letter the Divine Truth itself. By it man may know good from evil, may be associated with angels, and conjoined to the Lord.

Man is an immortal spirit, clothed with a material body, which is put off at death; after which, according to the quality of his life on earth, he dwells in heaven as an angel, or seeks an abode with his like in hell.

The Second Coming of the Lord is not in person, but is in the opening of the spiritual sense of the Word and the establishment of a New Church on earth. It was effected by a General Judgment which took place in the spiritual world A. D. 1757, and by the revelation of the doctrines of that Church through Emanuel Swedenborg, a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Boodle.

The word which we make the caption of this article is not a pretty one, but it seems destined to take its place in our language. In the Philological Society's new Dictionary, Part III, this word is defined as meaning "stock in trade, capital." This meaning is extracted, it would seem, from a sentence which is quoted in the dictionary from the *Boston Globe*, Oct. 7, 1884, ("sinews of war . . . soap and other synonymns for campaign boodle are familiar") but our respected friend, Mr. J. A. H. Murray, or whatever sub-editor had this new American word in charge, allowed the real meaning of "boodle" to elude him. Booodle does not mean capital or stock in trade except the business or trade be something secret, peculiar and illegal. Booodle always means money, but money is not always booodle. Money honestly received and spent, money that circulates in regular and honest channels, that appears in cash book and ledger and expense account is never booodle, but when a sum, a thousand dollars more or less, is given to some one to use in influencing some third party, given perhaps in silence and certainly without requiring any writing of acknowledgment or obligation, that is booodle. Booodle is money used for purposes of bribery and corruption, and the same word is used to indicate the money that comes as spoils, the result of some secret deal, the profits of which are silently divided. The term is also used to cover the ill-gotten gains of the bank robber or the absconding cashier—"he carried away so much booodle."

This word seems to have come into use within five years, and during the same period the thing signified seems to have become wonderfully prominent and important. For one thing no election can be conducted now without booodle first and

last. The primaries have to be "fixed," a great many men have to be "seen," and, in short, the amount of money that it seems necessary to use to elect a few honest public servants is a thing to wonder at. And when these men are elected it seems that they often lose the power of distinguishing between "boodle" and "straight money." What is the meaning of their having an office if there is'nt anything in it? As throwing a side light upon human weakness nothing for years has so appealed to our pity as the stories our condemned commissioners have told on themselves. At first they had no appetite for boodle so far as they knew, but they had the common American appetite for money. Almost before they knew it they had fallen, and then like Esau and all sinners since the world began, they "found no place for repentance though they sought it carefully with tears." Booodle is dirty money, it soils whoever touches it and we ought not to have any of it in our city or country. And yet there is reason to fear that supply and demand for it are both increasing. And this leads to the question, whether it is better to try to stop the demand or shorten the supply. Friend Grinnell and his co-laborers have been working against the demand.

The recent convictions will undoubtedly check the demand for the present in the county board. (And yet it is not reassuring to be told as we are in a morning paper that there are more than a hundred candidates fairly clamoring for the vacant places of these men who are sent to the penitentiary.) But there are other rings yet where the demand for boodle still exceeds the supply. And here is our work; we can do something at shortening the supply. For it is said that the men who bribe aldermen and commissioners are many of them most respectable, some of them in churches, and teachers in Sunday-schools. And it is undoubtedly true that public sentiment at present regards a man who *uses boodle* to accomplish a worthy, or at least a not unworthy end, very differently from the way in which a "boodler" is regarded. "We've got to do it," the man seeking a contract says, "we hav'nt a ghost of a chance unless we give as much as others." Give, that is, boodle, to some one who is ready to be influenced by that means. To all such thinkers we commend the story of poor old Jacob Sharp. He knew he had'nt a ghost of a chance for his tramway except by bribing aldermen, and so he did that. He succeeded in getting his road and also in posing for the instruction of all Americans as a man who thought the briber innocent and the taker of a bribe a criminal. May his fate be a sufficient warning to others who have thought the same, for the bribe giver as well as the bribe taker is a boodler.

U.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

The Minstrel Band.

Without the swing of Beauty's gates
A minstrel band forever waits,
By lyre and harp and tuneful lay
To fill the earth with minstrelsy
Of Heaven.

The ears of earth could ill endure
The rolling wonder tone so pure,
Resounding through the beauty sphere
If earthly singers were not here
To chant it.

Sweet mission theirs to fill the heart
With Beauty's blessing; to impart
With every stroke of care a kiss—
Reminders of the *Then* and *This*,
Commingled.

EUGENE ASHTON.

The Grove Meeting at Weirs, N. H.

"A grand meeting!" "The best meeting ever held here!" are the exclamations I hear all around me from those who have attended the Unitarian grove meeting on the shores of this beautiful lake. The services held here annually by our people for the last ten years have steadily increased in interest until the Weirs meeting has become one of the most important of Unitarian gatherings. The marvellous beauty of Lake Winnepesaukee, surrounded by hills and mountains; the social greetings at the hotels; the excursions on the lake; the able addresses and sermons delivered by prominent ministers and laymen; the sweet spirit of rest and peace, that like a divine benediction rests upon all; are the things of which one must write if he describes the gatherings of the week.

The exercises of Tuesday, June 26th, the first day, were in charge of the National Bureau of Unity clubs. Rev. J. L. Jones, of Chicago, delivered an address on the "True Functions and Methods of the Unity Club." He said that the national organization of Unity clubs seeks to co-operate in making true character. Its purpose is to render assistance to local Unity clubs in suggesting courses of study on great themes, in laying out plans for work, to make it possible for each club to know what other clubs are doing, and thus enable one to profit by the experiences of the others. The National Bureau will help the different clubs to secure lecturers of recognized ability at much lower prices than they could possibly arrange for themselves. Rev. Edward Everett Hale stands at the head of this movement, which promises to help the local clubs to do the best work in promoting higher culture and in making nobler character. The address was earnestly discussed by Rev. S. C. Beane, Rev. E. R. Butler, and others, and a strong indorsement of the aims of the club as outlined by Mr. Jones was given by all the speakers.

At 11 A. M., on Tuesday, Mr. Edwin D. Mead delivered an interesting lecture on "New England's Debt to Holland."

The lecture was replete with interest and was listened to by a large audience. The lecturer said that Holland is the finest of the seventeen low countries of Europe. Here the Pilgrim Fathers sojourned twelve years before their departure for America. Holland stood for the future democracy and thought of the 17th century. Holland had been quick to endorse the reformation. It was in the Netherlands that the first echo of Luther's voice was heard. Holland received her Protestantism from Luther. The excellence of Mr. Mead's lecture suggests that any Unity club that wishes to study American history the coming winter should, if possible, arrange with Mr. Mead to deliver this lecture.

At 2 P. M. Mr. Darius Cobb, author of "Christ Before Pilate," delivered a lecture on "Vital Elements of Art." The lecture was scholarly and comprehensive, and eloquently delivered. He said that religion and art were indissolubly connected. The greatest works of the old masters in music, painting and sculpture had a religious inspiration. What makes a genius is the love that he puts into his work.

Rev. J. L. Jones, at 7 P. M., delivered his eloquent lecture on Robert Browning. The lecture was a masterpiece, showing the results of years of thoughtful study of the great poet. Rev. Calvin Stebbins, of Worcester, Mass., preached a sermon at 10 A. M. on Wednesday, taking as his text, "He went about doing good." Under the inspiration of Mr. Stebbins' strong sermon, possibly, 119 persons went to Wolfeboro' on the Lady of the Lake and attended the fair held by the Unitarians of that place, who have a fine church building almost ready for dedication.

Thursday, at 10 A. M., Rev. J. L. Marsh, of Winchester, Mass., Secretary of the Unitarian Church Temperance Society, delivered an address on "The Motive and Method of Christian Temperance Work." He presented the strongest and most urgent reasons for temperance work, and outlined methods of work that suggest themselves as excellent to all thoughtful minds. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, to whom all Unitarian audiences are ever delighted to listen, spoke in her happiest manner on "The Power of Religion on Human Life."

Thursday, at 2 P. M., one of the most impressive and inter-

esting meetings of the week was held. "What we owe to each other" was the subject, and the novel sight was seen of representatives of six different denominations standing on the platform, and as the first speaker, Rev. W. A. Keese, Baptist, of Chelsea, Mass., expressed it, gratefully, gladly, speaking of the debt that his denomination owed to other denominations and especially to liberal Christians for broadening the scope of religious thinking and sweetening, brightening and softening the spirit of religious fellowship. Rev. Mr. Keese was followed by Rev. Howard Hill, Episcopalian, of Montpelier, Vt.; by Rev. G. W. Bishop, Methodist, of the New England Conference; by Rev. Mr. Clarke, Trinitarian Congregationalist, of Salem, Mass.; by Rev. Darius Cobb, Universalist, and Rev. S. J. Barrows, Editor of the *Christian Register*, Unitarian.

This meeting was what Rev. S. C. Beane happily called "an epoch-making event." The limits of this article will not permit me to speak in detail of the services of Friday, which was laymen's day. Judge Whitehouse, of the Supreme Court of Maine, delivered an eloquent address on some near questions in law and theology. He was followed by Dr. George B. Loring, of Salem, Mass., and Judge Pitman, of Newton, Mass.

Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, of Providence, R. I., delivered a sermon on Saturday on "Human Consciousness of God." Mr. Slicer's sermon was so impressive that the subject of his sermon became the text of the helpful conference meeting of Saturday evening. On Sunday there were two large audiences, morning and afternoon. Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, delivered an able sermon at 11 A. M., on "Reconciliation with God." Rev. Brooke Herford, of Boston, preached on "Salvation through Christ." Mr. Herford's sermon finely supplemented Mr. Savage's discourse. Both sermons were listened to with the closest attention by the deeply interested audiences.

I cannot close this article without speaking of the interesting prayer and conference meetings that were held from time to time during the week, and of the earnest spirit of devotion that characterized them all, and the profound spiritual truths expressed by such men as Mr. Slicer, Mr. Beane, Mr. Jones, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Herford and others. Such services show the power of Unitarianism to touch the heart and kindle the emotions and quicken spiritual aspirations, as well as to illumine the intellect. Nor would my report be complete unless I spoke of the excellent music sung at the services, and the earnest work of Rev. J. B. Gilman, of Concord, N. H., in leading the congregation in the musical services at all the meetings. All has been so delightfully social and pleasant that the gathering seemed like a family reunion, and as we take our farewells on leaving this sylvan retreat, we all say, "It was good to be here."

E. C. ABBOTT.

A Reunion of Colored Veterans.

August 1st and 2nd have been gala days in Boston for the colored people. There has been a reunion of the 54th and 55th Mass. regiments and the 5th Mass. cavalry. It is their first since the war. Exercises were held in Tremont temple, which was beautifully decorated. There was abundance of bunting, banners with some of the noble words of Governor Andrew, a wreathed bust of Colonel Shaw, while here and there, in the hands of some comrade, was a battle-worn flag. There was a full attendance of the friends of the soldiers, but, I am sorry to say, the white citizens of Boston did not largely assemble to do honor to the regiments that, at the time of their formation, the state was so proud of. For enthusiasm these meetings have seldom been equaled here.

Among the speakers were Lieut. James M. Trotter, the eloquent colored lawyer, now Recorder of Deeds at Washington, Colonels Hallowell and Hartwell and General Carrington of Ohio. The story of the regiments was retold to the thrilling interest of the hearers.

In various states colored men desired to enlist, but they were not accepted until Governor Andrew, of Mass., said, "Come

here and we will enlist you." This was before the emancipation proclamation. When Colonel Shaw, the brilliant and noble son of Harvard, whom afterwards both Emerson and Lowell honored in verse, was given command of the 54th, the south declared he should "be buried beneath his niggers," a fate they little foresaw would so exalt him. "It must be a mean class of white men who would officer black regiments," was also another saying from that quarter, while in reality these officers were of the best class, young men noble and well-born. The tributes paid to these officers by the colored speakers were well worth being present to hear. They showed that the colored soldiers fully realized what qualities those white men had, who volunteered to lead them. Looked at with uncertainty by the regular troops, and with malignity by the southern army, as the black troops were, it was no easy task that they set themselves to do.

Events proved that Governor Andrew exhibited his usual wisdom when he trusted the colored men as soldiers. They always showed themselves efficient; Wagner, James Island, Obustle, Honey Hill proved that; and Colonel Hartwell stated that although he had commanded in several white regiments he could truly say that those troops did not show themselves as faithful to discipline as did the colored ones.

They had, too, a peculiar trial. They enlisted with the understanding that they would receive full pay. The government considered them entitled to only ten dollars a month. Seven times it was offered, and every time refused, the soldiers declaring that they would take nothing less than equal pay. For eighteen months they served without receiving one dollar. It was during this time that Governor Andrew, importuning the government for justice to them, made his memorable addresses in their behalf, passages from which were inscribed on the banners at the reunion: "I will never give up the rights of these men while I live, whether in this world or the next." "I thank God that I never despised a man because he was poor, or ignorant, or black." "The government found no law to pay him except as a nondescript or a contraband, nevertheless found law enough to shoot him as a soldier."

But, through their persistence, and the urgent call of Governor Andrew for their rights, they won their great moral victory, more great, more important, as Colonel Hartwell declared, than any on the field. It is no wonder that these veterans look upon our noble "war governor" as almost more of a friend to them than Lincoln himself, and that one of the special reasons for their holding this reunion was to show their honor and devotion to his memory. On the second day they visited his grave at Hingham to decorate it. "Two names must ever stand first in our thoughts when we recall the actions that made our liberty possible," said Lieutenant Trotter, "and these are John Brown and John A. Andrew."

One could not fail of noticing how extreme was the enthusiasm whenever their freedom was mentioned. Those who say that the colored people would gladly have their former servile condition forgotten, and hence the records of the strife for their emancipation unremembered, do wrong. Their representatives on this occasion expressed themselves freely, with the deepest pride and gratitude in that deliverance; and not only the veterans, but all the friends present, applauded with feeling again and again.

An occasion like this, recalling so fully the wonderful significance of our civil war, naturally brings to mind the discussion now taking place in *UNITY*, "Would it be well to return the battle flags?" and it makes one think that there may be circumstances that demand a different action on the part of the nation from that of the individual. At any rate, *not yet* is the time for returning them. A. M. G.

WHETHER the legend of the painter hanging in his studio the portrait of an angelic child, then seeking for years a demoniac face as a model for a perfect contrast, finding it at last in a murderer's cell, and then discovering that child and felon were the same person—whether the legend be true or false in the letter, it is substantially true. In either direction, debasing and deforming, or refining and spiritualizing, works this plastic, vital energy of the soul.—*Advance*.

Things Behind and Things Before.

Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before.—*Paul*.

The past leaves, always, a legacy for the present; the present is accumulating a store to be handed down to the coming time.

We are the children of all the yesterdays. Our possessions, mental, material, spiritual, represent the study, the toil, the achievement, of all the generations that have gone before. The leaves in all the volumes of a library have come fluttering down through the years, some of them a long, long way; caught on the breath of this man's soul, or that, they bring from places remote, and from the far-off time, all the tangled story of life,—the poet's song, the vision of the seer, the scholar's ripe conclusion, the dreamer's longing hope. Society is not a creation, nor is it an accident. It is a growth. It strikes its roots deep through all the strata of time, slowly thrusts its form up toward the inviting sky, little by little crowds the buds of early promise on toward the bloom of later days and the perfect fruitage of the last.

The civilization of an age stands for all the ages by which it is ante-dated in the records of time; garners in its treasures all wealth of earlier thought, all the fruit of moral heroism, and of unselfish sacrifice.

Death holds not a universal scepter. Men die. Deeds live, and are immortal. Often has the battlefield,—Death's chosen play-ground,—been the birth-place of good that never can die. Every victory has its own baptism of blood; and victory is not the prey of death. The immortality of human achievement, the deathless persistence of whatever through the incarnation of righteousness tends toward the weal of men,—this it is that compels the movement of the race along the ascending pathway of its life.

It does not follow simply because the present time is in possession of all the good springing from the ceaseless striving, the patient seed-sowing, the heroic enduring, the deathless hoping of other days, that each actor in the world-wide scene is to have distinct recognition, to be called before the curtain to receive the meed of praise. Were that to be, we should have an endless procession of heroic ones who could toil and suffer for their kind, and laugh at pain; to whom toil were sweet, and tears were joy, if only tears and toil might in their mingling make lighter another's load, and his cup less bitter; and we must needs stop in the doing of life's present duty to applaud the deeds already done.

Each generation has a multitude, who, by patient well-doing in spheres high or humble, win a perfect right to wear in the sight of all men the insignia of royalty. There are kingly men not a few, and queenly women without number, who come to our public coronation. In truth, the story of the truest heroisms is never told, and if it were told would not be understood by the hurrying crowd of men. Far apart from the busy thoroughfares, out of the glare of life, with no pomp of circumstance, and with no hope of rest till life's sun shall sink in the western sea, may be found a multitude,—some of them very near to you,—who, in the omnipotence of the love that endureth all things, are bearing burdens for others, are stemming a tide that sweeps in upon them from a shoreless sea of woe, are daily winning deathless victories over selfishness and every marring passion; are incarnating the Christ spirit as truly and sweetly as it breathed in the child of Bethlehem.

I have heard of three sisters, who gladly denied themselves the much coveted culture of the schools, that they might save from a limited income the means with which to educate their own brother. I could tell the story of a young woman, peculiarly endowed with all the qualities that make beauty most beautiful, who deliberately and resolutely put from her lips love's jeweled chalice, that she might give an undivided life to the care of an invalid father and mother. Did ever altar bear more perfect sacrifice than that? If the savor of it come not to heaven, heaven must be far away. I do not know that they knew it, but I believe that from that day of renunciation, that father and mother lived upon a Mount Calvary, and that their

dying was under the shadow of as true a cross as ever Love stretched its arms upon.

Of such deeds the world does not hear. They are not done to be told, but in obedience to the inexorable law of duty, as interpreted by love, large-hearted and loyal. And yet such lives are not lost, though they are unsavory. Each is a part of the precious legacy bequeathed by the yesterdays to to-day. They are the crystal springs hidden in shaded places, that feed and sweeten life's turbid and turbulent stream, and with it are carried out to the sea. More than this; every such life, though known to the few only, in a certain and beautiful way receives the tribute of the many.

Not knowing all who have suffered and made willing sacrifice of self for the common good, each generation embalms the memory of the few whose sacrifice and suffering for it were made prominent by the special circumstances of their lives, and in that embalming remembers the lowliest of all. Each name, in the recorded roll of memory's cherished ones, represents countless throngs of the unwritten, and a very few stand for all. Florence Nightingale is but the prototype of the ministering spirit, everywhere carrying into the carnage of life, to cheerless beds of pain and death, the joy of sympathy and the comfort of love. In wreathing her name with the fadeless laurel, we say to all men, and to all time, "This is our tribute of love, to all who have loved, and wrought in the spirit of it."

The name of Lincoln is made immortal, not for himself alone, but that in his name the great army of the unknown, who were bound to the same altar of devotion to principle, and the freedom of men, may have immortal remembrance. His monument is a memorial of all the dead, who died for us.

This much is said in recognition of the fact that the past truly lives in the present.

When one tears the latest date from his calendar, he does not bid farewell forever to a departed day. The light of that day shines through the night, to kindle with fresher splendor the coming dawn; and so it comes to pass that light is evermore cumulative; and in this is the true interpretation and guarantee of that sweet prophetic voice of old, "There shall be no night there." The brightness of that heavenly day will come when the gathering brightness of these earth-days shall have chased the night away.

It is not needful to dwell on the reverse of this. Much might be said of the persistence of evil, as well as of good. Only too well is it known that many of the shadows that have fallen athwart the path of human life in the days gone by, are projected into the life of to-day, but they do not fall so far, nor settle so darkly down under the noonday sun, as in the distant morning time; and it follows in all reason that in exact proportion as the light flows in, the shadows must flee away.

Without doubt there are many things in the patrimony received from the fathers, with which it were well that we should part.

There is much trumpery in the garret of the old homestead, that you do not care to move into the new house that you are building. There are a few things you will keep, not for utility, for the day of their usefulness is gone by. They are supplanted by newer and better means in household economy; but as curiosities, or for sake of a sentiment, you will give them room.

Grandmother's spinning wheel and reel have nothing to do in these days of steam driven spindles, but to destroy them would seem to be sacrilege. The music they made under her touch is so mingled with memories of childhood, is so much a part of a life that blessed you with gentlest benediction, for her sake you will give them room. An old chair that came to mother on her wedding day; the cradle baby out grew fifty years ago; the trundle-bed, that stood the shock of many a pillowy battle, long before were heard the sounds of real life's smoking field; an earthen cup, touched often by lips that long since turned to ashes,—what are these things that they should not be left to perish out of sight? That question each heart can answer.

So also is it, that as by generations we move out into the

ampler dwellings of life, we carry with us, away from the parental homesteads, both in church and society, not a few ideas, and forms, and observances, which though really belonging to the past, are harmlessly held, and are held tenderly, because they are linked with tender recollections of the faithful men and women who saw in them what we cannot see, and who, in their day, were served by them, as we in ours can not be.

Let not mine be the hand that shall rudely strike at any one of the innocent antiquities, by which is cherished for any soul the lightest sentiment, if it be sweet and pure. Rather let us vie in a patient kindly effort to forestall such as would insist on lugging all the trash found in the old garret into the dwelling of to-day. Much of it we can well spare. Whatever stands for no sentiment, and embodies but little sense, we would better leave behind.

Certainly our religious house-keeping would be a much simpler thing, and lead to an experience more saving by far, if we were less cumbered and cluttered with relics from the old garret. There are few who have not observed that much infelicity in God's family springs from a difference of opinion as to the value and arrangement of this antique furniture.

The thoughtful mind of this time encounters a problem of infinite import in the ever-recurring question: "How in the realm of religion shall the best possible use be made of the spiritual possessions into which we have come by right of the fathers?" To lay this wealth away in a napkin of indifference, or to fritter it away in idle and dangerous speculation, were alike false to our ancestry, cruel to posterity. It will not do—it must not be that the next generation shall come upon life's scene to find itself less richly endowed than are we, in any of the essential elements of spiritual understanding and beauty.

The fear is entertained by some that such a calamity threatens the race. I can not think it so. The very attitude of inquiry in which men stand; the eager listening for some voice from afar which shall explain the hitherto unsolved mystery of being; the reverent and grateful attention commanded by every prophet of the voice of God, whose anointing is for the proclamation of a gospel of glad tidings, and goodwill; the growing disposition to throw off the thralldom of tradition, and the long borne oppression of authority—whose commission was never from the skies; the deepening conviction that religion best serves its high office, not in offering rewards or threatening woe in another life, but by giving its benediction to the life that now is, by enthroning in all honor the principles, truth and love, and faith in God and man—from such conditions of thought and life springs the ever-speaking prophecy of the still better days yet to be.

Forgetting the things which are behind, reaching forth unto those before; fearing spiritual stagnation as we would not fear death; hungering more and more to know the ineffable sweetness of that life that finds shelter under the shadow of the Almighty; thirsting always for deeper draughts from the springs that nestle in the hills of God—so shall we best embody the spirit of the world's wisest teacher and most tender-hearted lover, and so leave as our legacy to the to-morrow of time, a religion as far-reaching as the needs of the race, as free as human thought, and sweet as the breath of God.

C. B. ROBERTS.

HE died—applied at the gate of Paradise for admittance—
St. Peter opened the gate—"Who are you?"

"A saved soul."

"Where are you from?"

"From the South Sea Island."

"Who saved you?"

"A missionary."

"What missionary?"

"One from Andover."

"Sit down outside there on that brush pile until the question is settled. We don't know here whether you are saved or not."

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR UNITY:—You are before my eyes and in my hands very often, and you are not of the kind to be forgotten, and if you have the faculty of mind-reading you have known that I have almost put pen to paper many a time to give expression to spiritual affinity, and to tell you what the outer man enables the inner man to do. It seems as if you and the dear old *Christian Register* were nearer than ever now that other friends are so far off. It is delightful to have your frequent calls upon us, and to feel our sympathetic heart-strings vibrate in accord with your tones of humanity, of the highest moral principle, and of the sweetest and truest reverence. The controversies of the day affect us less in their pros and cons than in the spirit with which they are conducted. A little active work in the direction of humanity has a wonderful effect in changing one's whole thought and purpose. From the abstract, theoretical, ideal one easily passes to the real, concrete, practical, while in direct view of much to be done.

Here the indolence, improvidence and squalor of the old Indian is a constant stimulus to efforts to improve the physical, intellectual, moral, spiritual condition of the young. The parents and relatives of our pupils camp near by and loaf day after day, so that even a boarding school, if on the reservation, does not save the children completely from the example of laziness. You may be sure they find no such example within the walls of our building. Our employes are obliged to be as busy as bees to accomplish the task which ever obtrudes itself before them. And what can we do? We have taken the children from their homes, in some cases without the consent of the parents, for the government is determined that the young Indian as well as the young white child shall be prepared for citizenship by education, and the parent is tenderly fond of the child and craves to see and fondle it often. Shall we repel him? The gentlest repulsion is but rudeness to such an one. And again one must exercise all wisdom and caution not to give the color of contempt to his disapproval of the ways of the fathers lest the children should interpret it into contempt of the fathers themselves. "Honor thy parents" is an injunction for the wild Indian as well as for others, and we would alter the conclusion to suit his case, and say whether thy days be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee or not. And this making camp and showing indolence and filth is not all. Here comes a young woman with her face apparently covered with black scabs, as though she were a leper, and she is the mother of one of our boys; and there is another wrinkled old face—the face of the grandmother of another boy, and it is in a like plight. This horrid aspect is no visitation of providence in the sense of unavoidable. It is self-inflicted. These women were lately widowed, and it was held proper that they should show their grief by gashing the forehead till the blood ran down over the face, and that the blood should remain there and dry and blacken and make the evidence of their grief the more lasting. They would neither wash off the stain nor wash out their sorrow. So the face continues daubed and disfigured for months.

A father and mother of one of our little girls comes and reports the mother's brother dead. Both of them have fingers bandaged with rags. They have cut some of their fingers off, perhaps as far down as the first joint, in token of their grief. How are we to treat such nonsense in presence of the children? It is trying enough to us. We find it a little hard to keep still—but we conclude to say nothing about it till general enlightenment prepares the way.

Then one who has had three years' study at Carlisle brings us a story which he himself believes about a certain Crow who is invulnerable. He has many a time allowed men to shoot at him and they can't hit him, and he can command the lightning to strike whomsoever he please. So can you or I command the lightning, but him, you are told, the lightning will obey, and you are expected to believe it. The Crows believe it.

But the most unfortunate piece of credulity is that the government is going to feed the Indians forever, or that

somehow the Indians are going to live without work. In regard to this the children must be undeceived, and must be made to feel that the necessity of labor is not a curse but, contrariwise, a blessing, and all over this land they must be taught how to work most efficiently. The Indian has tested the Henry George doctrine for a long time, now have him try individual ownership and citizenship, and the only thing that will make individual ownership and citizenship successful, I mean education—education of the head and of the heart, of the eye and of the hands. Let him understand and talk the language in general use. Let him have more free and intelligent intercourse with the whites. Let him and civilization and, if possible, the better part of civilization, rub against each other at every point till light and sweetness, too, are fairly rubbed into him. He should have this rubbing in our school. It is for this purpose that we board him as well as instruct him—that we keep him with us day and night—civilization is his playmate, his table companion, his bed-fellow. We do not stick instruction upon him, but we mean to give him an atmosphere of it that he must breathe continually. He must be taught to make all kinds of effort—for effort above all things makes the man; but the more we have him in intimate association with us and our modes of life the better for his effort. If with us always from infancy upwards, he would become *volens volens* a white man except his skin. Environment helps his evolution, but the school requires money. The government pays part of the expense by contract. Who will pay the rest?

H. F. BOND, Superintendent.

RAMONA RANCH.

LET those who find in the Messianic scenery,—in the strange contents of its diviner world, with its beasts beneath the throne, and its seven trumpets and its vials of wrath, and its war with the great dragon, and white-robed hosts, and its garments dyed in blood,—and in the coming on the clouds of heaven "with sudden destruction" to conquer, judge and reign,—and in the kingdom of the saints on earth,—and in the great assize and the second death, and the blessed city "without sorrow or crying,"—the crowded lake of fire and brimstone being outside the gates,—let those who find in all this a congenial nurture for their spiritual life turn it to what account they can. The roots of purity and piety creep into hidden crevices and find some film of living water on every rock. But let them not say that there is no other fruitful world; and that, were this dissolved, the spirit must drop into the empty gulf of the unconditioned.—*James Martineau* (Appendix to "Loss and Gain in Recent Theology.")

THE HOME.

Proverb Sermon—II.

Proverb: All are not merry that dance lightly.

The lower animals, our speechless fellow-beings, sport merrily, but they sport only when they are sportive. A sad animal shows himself sad, and there an end. As no creature but man clothes his body, so no other cloaks his mind. But a man may disguise himself to seem above his station or under it, as he will, dressing at one moment like a king, and again like a clown, though he be neither. He puts like feints to use in his mind, clothing one feeling with signs which nature has made for the garment of another, thus, as to being sad or merry, frocking himself like one when he is the other, or neither. Therefore, if an animal be merrily antic, be sure that his heart skips also; but with men, all are not merry that dance lightly.

Now, among those who dance lightly when they are not merry, I have seen two kinds—they who dance bravely and they who whirl with despair. There is a patient, brave, saintly dancing wherewith a good heart spreads the balm of cheerfulness on the wounds of grief; for as melting snow thaws a frozen part, so will warm cheerfulness cool the burn of a sorrow. We cannot seize happiness whether or no; for it hangs often on things above our power, like the deeds of others, and happenings which we cannot rule either way or

in the least turn, though they be grievous. This is to be kept in mind, that we can not fashion happiness as we will, lest we be like a wild bird who will not mind his cage and tears his wings. But better still to bethink ourselves, and to fix it in us, that always we can set up cheerfulness and shape it to our will, and soon it takes a form very like happiness. Moreover the good heart thinks more of others than of itself, and moulds a face having a smile on all sides, from whatever point it be seen. Therefore, among light dancers if there be any not merry, they may be brave hearts that make themselves bright for others; and as one could not tell which were they if they danced behind a curtain covering them half-way, leaving but their feet to be seen, so neither could one pick them by their faces, for these will not belie their merry feet, but sprinkle even a sweeter light, as much as love is above pleasure.

Again, as I have said, they that dance lightly, not being merry, may be dancing with despair. There is a reckless, wild, mutinous plunging into pleasures, and whirling into gayeties to fly from griefs and pains. This is a kind of mad dancing, and they that plunge into it are out of their heads or out of their souls with trouble, either wild men or rebels against God. For men may dance blasphemy as well as speak it. If one have had a hurt of heart or a loss of fortune, then to go whirling madly and bitterly into revels is not to take life piously and soften with sorrows, but to rave in it and grow hard under them; and then one dances curses, which is no better than to scream them into the sky. This feigned lightness can clothe itself only in part of the body. Though the feet move as well as in that other kind, that brave dancing when the heart is not merry, yet when we have come to the face there is not the same sweetness and truth but a false glare or glitter which is but the ghost of light. I know not whether this hard, bitter and reckless dancing or other revelry be any better than the hard drinking and other intemperance whereto sometimes persons fly instead of to dances—though perhaps it be worse in hurting others more; but it is one act in two parts—one makes a sot, the other a kind of savage. Therefore among light dancers if there be any not merry, they may be those woeful persons who whirl, and whirl themselves away; and their eyes have no dew, but the glare of a desert; and they will not sit down with sorrow at home and wait and pray, but are rebels. This is very woeful and dreadful, and hard to cure; and how it will be cured no one can tell, and sometimes never here, because the soul hath grown up to age without discipline. But I am sure—and happy this is—it is not to be found so much as the good, light kind of dancing, which, though it be not merry at heart, is cheerful and brave.

As to not being merry though we dance lightly, it is to be said that very often this is our own fault, and most often by reason of two small errors: for not the great tragedies of life but the small, menial faults make the most miseries. The first of these two errors is that we are fretted by little things and let ourselves be heated by petty troubles. This, as I have said, is but a menial trait. If it be like a lackey to be galled if he have not a good brush for a coat, is it less like him to chafe because the coat is ill-brushed? Or if it be like scullery manners to fume over a bad fire, is it less menial for a lady to kindle at a poor dish? Now this fault can be put away by reason, and even by a pure kind of pride. For if we take counsel of our station, we shall keep little things beneath us; and if we advise with reason, we shall know that little fishes eat not the big so long as the big be alive—which is to say plainly that little plagues and scourges destroy not happiness if it have life in the mind. La Rochefoucauld has said the truth, "We take less pains to be happy than to appear so."

The second error is that we keep not joys by us by remembering them, as we ought to do. It is no way strange that people should be unhappy, since they throw away pleasures out of their minds; for by a like way they would thirst and famish if they threw away the food from their stores. When a man has gained a pleasure, if he keep it not in hand it is the same as to throw it overboard. In like thankless manner people notice greatly an untoward hap (which frequently they say is "just their luck") because they are too early or too late, too quick

or too slow, or however it happen; but they pass unheedful the many helpful, timely and tallying hits without ever calling them "their luck," how delightfully soever they square and fall together. But why think most of the ill? Is pain keener than pleasure? And why let slip a joy? One way to dance lightly is to remember past dances, by which one may make the feet keep in time and the heart in tune in the intervals. Shelley has the saying, "Thou comest as the memory of a dream which now is sad because it hath been sweet;" but this I call no better than a feeble prating or a sickly moping. If a man waking from a lovely and sweet dream hath nothing better to do than to fall dismal because he dreams no longer, how much better is he than a man whom once I read of, who having partaken in a friend's house at Christmas of a fine saddle of mutton, bemoaned him for the rest of his life that he had not eaten another slice thereof. Plutarch relates that Aristippus, when he lost a farm, was beset by his friends with bewailings and sorry faces for his misfortune. Whereat he cast down his eyes till he could master his impatience, and then rebuked them thus: "Thou," he said to one, "hast but one piece of land, and never hadst more; but as I had four farms, I have now three remaining, which are two more than ever thou hadst." When he admitted it, "Why then," said Aristippus to all of them, "do you come chopfallen around me, since still I have three times as much as you have? and why rather should not I bemoan your misfortune, since it is only the raving of a madman to bewail what is lost, and not rather rejoice in what is left?" The like wisdom is in the good fable of a jug and pitcher that were taken to a fountain, and while the jug looked very jolly the pitcher moped and hung its ears. Whereat the jug asking what ailed his neighbor, the pitcher answered that he was disheartened with thinking that it mattered not how full he should leave the fountain since always he came back empty. "But how strangely you look at it," said the jug, "for I was thinking of my good fortune, since however often I come empty, always I go away full."

From these thoughts touching those that dance lightly but are not merry, whom every day one shall meet in company, I gather two precepts for behavior. First, if one go among the grieving, let him look out for whatever is joyful, either to take it with him or to seize it on the spot and show that it is there. In like way if one go among the gay, let him watch a little for the sorrows that may be underneath, for the lairs of hidden griefs; not that he may drag them forth, and the less if they be hidden sacredly under cheerfulness, but that he may give some sign of fellow-knowledge, by which great comfort goes forth. This needs no great wit, unless, indeed, feeling be another form of wit, as in truth I think it is. I have met the saying that "good humor will even go so far as to supply the lack of wit." Nay; but I think lack of wit is lack of good humor. There is no diviner like love, nothing that gives a man to understand so many things of others as love. But some will say, how watch for the griefs that lie under? or how make room for them? In two ways. First, by being careful not to touch hurts or hurting topics. This is a caution to be carried into any company, though it be as gay as lambs or children. For the very deep things of life are to be touched lightly with any one, and especially with a stranger, lest there be a hurt in them. As the physician who truly has the soul of a physician, will touch gently any man's body which he knows not, since he knows how many sore places and sad ills it may hold which show not on the surface, so one who has both love and skill touching the soul will lay hand very softly on any person since he knows how many hurts and pains may lie under his smiles. Likewise it is worth thinking how great a sting even a little hurt may be and how easily given if one roughly get tangled with his neighbor; for sometimes, as Richter says well, "to have all one's hair pulled at once hurts not so much as a single hair pulled." Secondly, we should be careful to give little pleasures, for these make the happy happier; and, since many are not merry that dance lightly, mayhap a small attention set flying will light on a sore heart, and then it fills a great office. The keenest of pleasures, which soonest touches the quick of the heart, is personal respect, notice, and approach.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—The usual summer quiet rests over headquarters. No meetings of Sunday-school teachers or boards of directors; only an occasional call from friends passing through the city on a summer outing. One or two workers are kept on duty in the Channing club room, by judicious relieving of each other, while work goes on in the adjoining UNITY office very much as usual. Mr. Jones is in the east, has been attending the Unitarian grove meeting at Weirs, and speaks at the Chautauqua "Lakeside School of the New Theology" this week; meanwhile he has been resting and sending an occasional breezy note for the friends at the office to decipher. He is expected here for a flying visit about the 15th, after which he will spend a short time in Wisconsin.

—Outside of the office, affairs are equally quiet. Mr. Sunderland has moved the office of the *Unitarian* to Ann Arbor. Mr. Utter has returned from a pleasant bicycle tour in Indiana and Ohio, and was a guest at All Souls church last Sunday. Mr. Blake is also here this week, but will probably go east between now and September 1.

—Our churches are all closed except All Souls, which is delighted with the experiment of giving its minister a vacation and running alone for six weeks. On July 24 Mr. Stewart of the congregation occupied the platform; on July 31, Judge J. A. Jameson; last Sunday Rev. E. I. Galvin, who has for a long time counted himself a member of the congregation, preached. To-morrow (Aug. 14) Charles H. Kerr will speak; August 21 Mrs. Ellen T. Leonard, and August 28 Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones. The attendance, while not so large as the winter congregations, has been encouraging and gratifying, particularly in that it includes many strangers in the city and friends from other city churches who take this opportunity for a fraternal visit.

—The ladies' parlors of the Church of the Messiah are being renovated, re-papered, a fireplace added, and a new carpet. The church and Sunday-school are to re-open September 4.

Geneva, Ill.—Next Sunday is the last of Mr. West's pastorate. We regret sincerely the termination and trust that both parish and minister will continue to do good work for the cause separately since it can not be together.

Boston Notes.—Now that the shadows of August begin to fall on tourists' trips and the vacation visits of school children—the business eye and the vision of autumn pleasures and enterprises are forecast into September work. With the peach crop come theater openings and newspaper advertisements of school openings, dancing instruction and halls and houses and furnished rooms to rent, and meetings of church committees on winter courses of sermons and lists of lecturers. We hear of early preparations for continuing our people's services and young folks' meetings and Christian work so well carried on here for several years past.

—Rev. J. F. Clarke really advances in strength and spirits and in hopes of working with caution among his people in October. His favorite summer pleasures, bathing and sailing off the seashore, have once more come to the rescue of his health.

—It is settled at out-door religious services may legally be held on our common, and on some other public squares under permission of the police commissioner.

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